

**BRYAN
FERRY**
IN LIVING COLOUR

SMASH HITS

FORTNIGHTLY

June 14-27 1979 25p

**BOOMTOWN
RATS
TUBES
DONNA
SUMMER
UNDERTONES**
LPs up for grabs

**CHEAP
TRICK**
in colour

Words to the
TOP SINGLES
including

**Up The Junction
Ring My Bell
Are Friends Electric
We Are Family
Gertcha**



Masquerade
By The Skids on Virgin Records
Heavy armour fails
The battleground affairs
Incitements all around
Defeat shows through
but no-one cares
(All the words
inside)



Up The Junction

By Squeeze on A&M Records

I never thought it would happen
 With me and a girl from Clapham
 Out on a windy common
 That night I ain't forgotten
 When she dealt out the rations
 With some or other passions
 I said you are a lady
 Perhaps, she said, I may be

We moved into a basement
 With thoughts of our engagement
 We stayed in by the telly
 Although the room was smelly
 We spent our time just kissing
 The Railway Arms we're missing
 But love had got us hooked up
 And all our time it took up

I got a job with Stanley
 He said I'd come in handy
 And started me on Monday
 So I had a bath on Sunday
 I worked eleven hours
 And bought the girl some flowers
 She said she'd seen a doctor
 And nothing now could stop her

Words and music by Chris Difford/Glenn Tilbrook. Reproduced by permission Rondor Music.

I worked all through the winter
 The weather brass and bitter
 I put away a tenner
 Each week to make her better
 And when the time was ready
 We had to sell the telly
 Make evenings by the fire
 Her little kicks inside her

This morning at 4.50
 I took her rather nifty
 Down to an incubator
 Where thirty minutes later
 She gave birth to a daughter
 Within a year a walker
 She looked just like her mother
 If there could be another

And now she's two years older
 Her mother's with a soldier
 She left me when my drinking
 Became a proper stinging
 The devil came and took me
 From bar to street to bookie
 No more nights by the telly
 No more nights nappies smelling

Alone here in the kitchen
 I feel there's something missing
 I beg for some forgiveness
 But begging's not my business
 And she won't write a letter
 Although I always tell her
 And so it's my assumption
 I'm really up the junction

June 14-27

Vol 1 No 14

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on sale
JUNE 28

Hi gang! Well, at last the fortnight's over and here we are back again with the latest issue of everybody's favourite magazine! Lots of hot new singles inside as usual: The Skids Squeeze Sister Sledge — oops, better make that The Skids, Squeeze, Sister Sledge! — plus all the regular features AND a brand new one! The stars give us their All Time Top Tens — Gary Numan of Tubeway Army starts the ball rolling on page 8. Right, till we see you again in two weeks time, stay happy with Smash Hits!

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This magazine is published by EMAP National Publications Ltd, Peterborough, and is printed by East Midland Litho Printers, Peterborough.
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SKIDS



The Skids: (left to right) Willie Simpson, Richard Jobson, Stuart Adamson and Tom Kellichan.

Masquerade

By The Skids on Virgin Records

Heavy armour fails
The battleground affairs
Incitements all around
Defeat shows through but no one cares

Arrange new attacks
Demand a new decree
Listen to their plays
Destroy them as they flee

Chorus
Holy to the high masquerade masquerade
Fanfares in the sky masquerade masquerade

Nurture battle scars
Pardon none who dared
Kindle and inspire
Victory shows you cared

Portray amid art
Guernica is plaint
Metal turning sham
But victory is quaint

Repeat chorus

Masquerade masquerade
Masquerade masquerade

Heavy armour fails
The battleground affairs
Incitements all around
Defeat shows through but no one cares

Arrange new attacks
Demand a new decree
Listen to their ploys
Destroy them as they flee

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Richard Jobson and Stuart Adamson. Reproduced by permission Virgin Music.



Are Friends Electric

No. 1.

By Tubeway Army on Beggars
Banquet Records

It's cold outside
And the paint's peeling off of my walls
There's a man outside
In a long coat, grey hat, smoking a cigarette

Now the light fades out
And I wonder what I'm doing in a room like this
There's a knock on the door
And just for a second I thought I remembered
you

So now I'm alone
Now I can think for myself
About little deals
And S.U's
And things that I just don't understand
Like a white lie that night
Or a sly touch at times
I don't think it meant anything to you

So I open the door
It's the 'friend' that I'd left in the hallway
'Please sit down'
A candle lit shadow on a wall near the bed

You know I hate to ask
But are 'friends' electric?
Only mine's broke down
And now I've no-one to love

So I find out your reason
For the phone calls and smiles
And it hurts
And I'm lonely
And I should never have tried
And I missed you tonight
So it's time to leave
You see it meant everything to me

Words and music
by Gary Numan.
Reproduced by
permission
Andrew Heath
Music Ltd.



CRACKING UP

By Nick Lowe on Radar Records

Cracking up
I'm getting ready to go
Had enough I can't take anymore
No pills that I can take
This is too real and there ain't no escape
It scare the daylights
It make a nightmare
I'm tense and I'm nervous
Everybody all around me
Shaking hands and saying howdy

I don't think it's funny no more

Cracking up
Like a worn out shoe
Ain't wet but the world's leaking through
I'd run but I find no pace
I laugh but it's wrecking me, wrecking me
It make a shiver, it make a shake
It make a monster just like an earthquake
Everybody having fun
I don't know how they can carry on

'Cos I don't think it's funny no more

At dead of nighttime
At crack of dawn
It comes upon me without warning
If I were a gunman I would shoot
I'd tear the hair out by the roots
I'd make a knife out of a notion
All at sea in an ocean of emotion

I don't think it's funny no more
I don't think it's funny no more
Cracking up
I don't think it's funny no more
Cracking up

Repeat 3 times to fade

*Words and music by Nick Lowe.
Reproduced by permission Plangent
Visions Music Ltd.*

G/GIRLS TALK

By Dave Edmunds on Swan Song Records

There are some things you can't cover up
With lipstick and powder
Thought I heard you mention my name
Can't talk any louder
Don't come any closer
Don't come any nearer
My vision of you
Can't come any clearer
Oh I just wanna hear girls talk

Got a loaded imagination
Being fired by girls talk
It's a more or less situation inspired by girls talk
But I can't say the words you wanna hear
I suppose you're gonna have to
Play it by ear
Right here and now

Girls talk and they wanna know how
Girls talk and they say it's not allowed
Girls talk if they say that it's so
Don't they think that I know by now

That the word upon everyone's lipstick
That you're dedicated
You may not be an old fashioned girl
But you're gonna get dated
Was it really murder
Were you just pretending
Lately I have heard you are the living end

Girls talk and they wanna know how
Girls talk and they say it's not allowed
Girls talk and they think they know how
Girls talk if they say that it's so
Don't they think that I know by now

But I can't say the words you wanna hear
I suppose you're gonna have to
Play it by ear
Right here

There are some things you can't cover up
With lipstick and powder
Thought I heard you mention my name
Can't you talk any louder
Don't come any closer
Don't come any nearer
My vision of you
Can't come any clearer

Girls talk and they wanna know how
Girls talk and they say it's not allowed
Girls talk and they think they know how
Girls talk girls talk girls talk *etc to fade*

*Words and music by Elvis Costello. Reproduced by
permission Plangent Visions Music Ltd.*



Bitz

NEWS GOSSIP NEWS GOSSIP NEWS

FILM FEVER

1: DA RAMONES

THE RAMONES' first film, "Rock 'n' Roll High School", has been released in America, where it is being described as a cross between "A Hard Day's Night" and "Animal House".

The film has been produced by Roger Corman, the man responsible for all those great American International horror movies, which also bodes well. Unfortunately, the movie and its soundtrack — which features Nick Lowe, Eno, Devo, Eddie And The Hot Rods, Alice Cooper, Todd Rundgren and Chuck Berry as well as The Ramones — won't be released here until late summer.

In da meantime, Ramones fans can console themselves with "It's Alive", a 28-track double album recorded at the group's New Year's Eve 1977 gig at the London Rainbow. At £4.99, it's a bargain!



The Ramones pose with the 'female interest' of "Rock 'n' Roll High School". Left to right: Dee Dee, Joey, Johnny and Marc.

2: LENE LOVICH

LENE Lovich and her bald boyfriend Les Chappell have been passing the time recently by taking part in a Dutch rock'n'roll movie to be called "Cha Cha".

The film stars Herman Brood (a sort of Dutch David Bowie) and Nina Hagen (a German version of Siouxsie) who, with Lene and Les, make up a gang of bank robbers who also play music.

All that's definitely known about the movie apart from the

above is that the finished article will be very weird indeed! Lene and Les are also expected to contribute a couple of songs to the soundtrack.

While they were shooting the actual robbery sequence Lene, who had hidden her long braids under a Debbie Harry-style blonde wig, went unrecognised by all concerned for almost an hour! (Well, would you rob a bank without a disguise?)

Lene and Les are now expecting to put a band together over the next month or so before recording a new album and then setting off for America.

4: THAT SUMMER

STILL ON the film front, one film soundtrack definitely worth chasing is "That Summer!", which is now available on Arista Records. Apart from the hard-to-get "Sex & Drugs & Rock & Roll" by Ian Dury & The Blockheads, this 16-track compilation includes hot favourites from last summer by Mink de Ville, Elvis Costello, The Boomtown Rats, The Only Ones, Wreckless Eric, Patti Smith, The

Ramones, The Undertones, Eddie & The Hot Rods, Nick Lowe and Richard Hell plus a title track specially written by Willie Gardner of hot new Scottish band The Zones.

Those of you who can't afford to rush out to buy this truly superb collection might like to know that it will be one of our crossword prizes in a future issue.

The film itself is described as being loosely based on the holiday romance theme but with a definite '80s feel. General release date is July 1.

3: THE WHO



THE TWO Who films, meanwhile, have been delayed yet again. This is getting so boring they'd better be sensational to revive our flagging interest.

"The Kids Are Alright", featuring Sting, the singer from The Police, is due out hopefully "sometime in June".

The soundtrack album, however, is available now. It's specially packaged with a 20-page colour booklet and contains mostly new versions of old Who songs ("Substitute", "My Generation" etc) including three tracks that aren't actually in the film. A double album, it retails at (gulp!) £8.49.

As for "Quadrophenia", that's now due in October.

GERTCHA!

IT'S BEEN a long time coming, and it's taken their contribution to a TV beer commercial to tip the scales, but Chas & Dave have finally copped a bit of the national recognition that their London fans have been predicting for years.

Years? Oh yus, not 'arf, more than they probably care to remember. Sometimes in separate groups, sometimes together, both of these Cockney rockers have been up 'n' dahn like Tower Bridge since the start of the '60s.

Chas Hodges (he's the

hairier of the two, pictured on page 31) has been the closest to the big time in the past, as bassist in groups like The Outlaws, Cliff Bennett & The Rebel Rousers and on some star sessions — notably with his early idol, Jerry Lee Lewis.

These days Chas plays piano just like Jerry Lee and leaves the thumperating to Dave Peacock, who's had a pretty complex career himself. So has the third member of the 'duo'! What are we talking about? Ah ha, all will be revealed in the next issue of *Smash Hits*, when we'll introduce you, proper like, to the originators of Rockney.

Bitz

JIMMY PISTOL?

FOLLOWING our piece in Bitz (May 17 issue) speculating on candidates for the singing spot with Steve Jones and Paul Cook's new band, it now looks pretty certain that Sham 69-er Jimmy Pursey has pipped Jeremy Thorpe and Barry White for the job.

Polydor — Sham's record label — are denying everything. But

then they would, wouldn't they? However, all the signs are that Jimmy and Sham 69 bassist Kermit are much more than "just good friends" with Steve and Paul. We'll keep you posted on what develops.

Meanwhile, there's a new Sex Pistols single released on June 22, comprising three more tracks from the "Rock'n'Roll Swindle" LP. The three are "C'mon Everybody" (vocals by Sid), "God Save The Queen Symphony", and "Whatcha Gonna Do About It" (vocals by Johnny Rotten).



Loneliness is a crowded room/Full of tiresome trendies turned to stone.

Bryan Ferry ignores the champagne and the back-slapping conversation to have a butchers at the girl falling out of her expensive blouse.

ALL TIME TOP TEN

GARY NUMAN of Tubeway Army



1. **ULTRAVOX: Slow Motion** (from the album "Systems Of Romance", Island.)

My favourite track from the best new band of this decade.

2. **DAVID BOWIE: Beauty And The Beast** (from "Heroes", RCA.)

The best thing Bowie's written.

3. **KRAFTWERK: Neon Lights** (from "Man-Machine", Capitol.)

I just like this one.

4. **ULTRAVOX: Hiroshima Mon Amour** (from "Ha! Ha! Ha!", Island.)

I preferred the version on "Old Grey Whistle Test" to this one.

5. **JOBRIATH: Ooh La La** (from "Jobriath", Elektra.)

An underrated American glam-rocker who was dismissed at the time (1973/74) and faded into oblivion.

6. **ERIK SATIE: Trois Gymnopedies** (from "Piano Music of Erik Satie" by Aldo Ciccolini, EMI.)

I don't know much about Erik Satie (French composer before World War I — Knowall Ed) but this is a beautiful piece of piano music. (You might recognise it from the Bournville adverts.)

7. **LOU REED: New York Stars** from "Sally Can't Dance", RCA)

I just like this one too.

8. **MOTT THE HOOPLE: Honaloochie Boogie** (CBS single).

The best Mott song they ever did.

9. **T. REX: Telegram Sam** (T. Rex single).

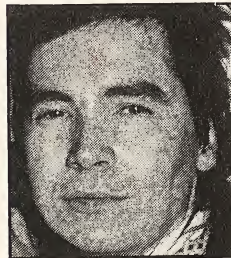
Marc Bolan was an early hero of mine and this was my favourite.

10. **ENO: Slow Water** (from "Music For Films", Polydor).

An impressive use of subtle tones and sounds.

RATS BARRED

FOR REASONS best known to themselves, The Stranglers security crew barred the Boomtown Rats from the front of stage enclosure during their set at the Loch Lomond Festival. Journalists and liggers were allowed in, but the Rats were kept out. Children, please.



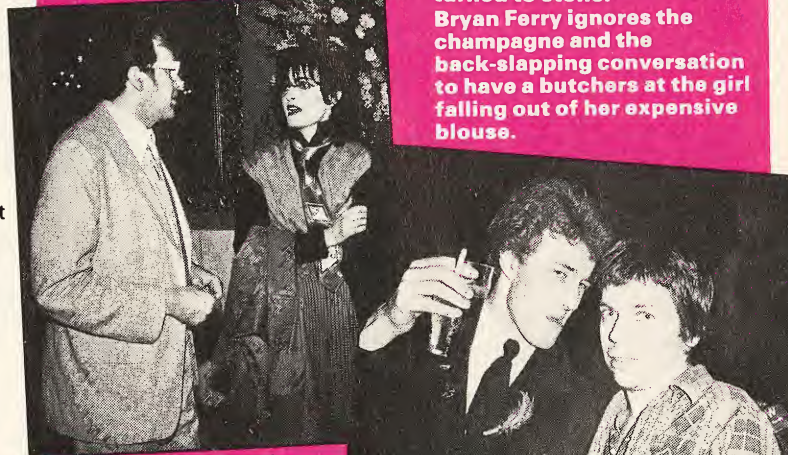
Johnny Fingers tries to look disappointed at missing The Stranglers.

POLICE MESSAGE

THE POLICE are firmly on the re-release road, following the belated chart success of "Roxanne". On June 22 A&M are re-releasing "Can't Stand Losing You" from the group's "Outlandos D'Amour" LP.

Like "Roxanne", "Can't Stand Losing You" flopped as a single when first released, in '78, but is bound to do better this time. We predict that A&M will be issuing singles from that album left, right and centre now that The Police are (rightfully) so hot.

They have recently gone down a storm in the States, where some people were actually comparing their impact to that of The Beatles on their American debut tour.



Siouxsie Sioux tells Roxy's Andy Mackay where she buys her kipper ties. Pictures by Sheila Rock from Roxy Music party following their recent gigs at the Hammersmith Odeon.

Meanwhile, in another part of town at a different kind of gathering, Richard Jobson of The Skids and Nicky Tesco of The Members swop suburban smalltalk over a couple of pints.

NO STOPPING 'EM NOW

GENE McFadden and John Whitehead, hit recorders of the great disco anthem "Ain't No Stopping Us Now", first met at high school and tried to make it as singers. When that play didn't work out, the pair found themselves working behind the scenes in

Philadelphia as songwriters and producers.

They wrote the monster hit "Backstabbers" for the O'Jays and have written for and produced The Jacksons, Lou Rawls, Archie Bell & The Drells, Harold Melvin and Teddy Prendergrass. They also wrote and produced Melba Moore's current disco goodie, "Pick Me Up I'll Dance".

TOURS: BONEY M AUTUMN VISIT

THIS TIME don't say we didn't warn you will in advance. Boney M are touring Britain from September 4 to 21, and will be in Ireland between September 10 and 14. Tickets sold out immediately last time they performed here, so get on the case now if you want to go.

Venues are Sheffield City Hall (Sept 3), London Wembley Arena (4), Bridlington Spa Royal (7), Manchester Apollo (8 and 9), Glasgow Apollo (15 and 16), Newcastle City Hall (17), Preston Guildhall (18), Birmingham Exhibition Centre (19), and Deeside Leisure Centre (21). Tickets at Wembley and Birmingham are £4, £5 and £6, and range from £3 to £7.50 at the other venues. Irish dates will be announced later.

ABBA TO FOLLOW

ABBA ARE also coming — not until November, but tickets go on sale this week. They are at London Wembley Arena for five

nights from November 5 to 10, at Stafford Bingley Hall on Nov 11 and 12 and at the Glasgow Apollo on Nov 13.

Wembley tickets are £6.50 and £7.50 (whew); Stafford's are £5, £6 and £7.50; and Glasgow's are £4.50, £5, £6.50 and £7.50. Ticket applications for Wembley should be sent to Abba Box Office, PO Box 4TL, London W1A 4TL (enclose s.a.e.). Glasgow tickets are available by personal application *only* at the Apollo box office. Ring Stafford Bingley Hall for how to get tickets there.

Abba will also play Dublin Royal Society on November 14 at £5.50, £6.50, £7.50 and — wait for it — £8.50.

BUT FIRST SYLVESTER

BEV'S FAVE disco star, Sylvester, descends upon us once again for a midsummer madness tour starting June 22 at Swindon Brunel Rooms and taking in Blackpool, London, Leicester and other places (see Gigz for first dates, rest next issue). Ticket prices vary a lot.

Coinciding with Sylvester's visit, he has a new single called "Stars" on release. You can choose from a 12-inch version which has "Body Strong" on the flip, or a 7-inch in appropriately fetching pink vinyl backed with "Never Too Late".



BLONDIE BY POST

BLONDIE fans who applied to the band's American Fan Club and never heard another word, take note. It seems the U.S. office couldn't cope with the sackloads of mail, so there is now a new official fan club for the U.K. and Europe.

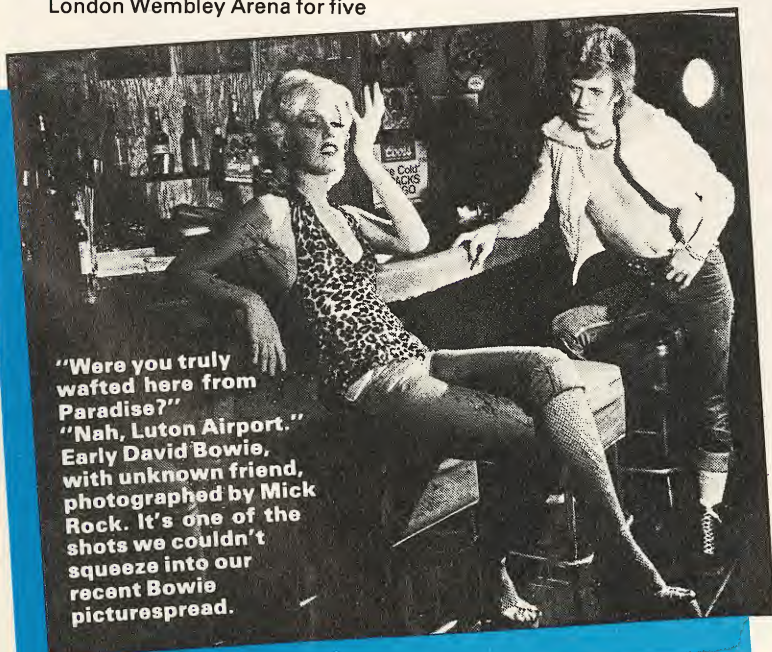
If you have already joined the U.S. club but haven't received anything, inform The Secretary, Blondie Fan Club, P.O. Box 63, London W2 3B2.

New members can join by sending £3.00 to the same address, for which you should receive an autographed photo, a wall poster, four issues of the official Blondie magazine, a booklet with colour pics, a badge, membership card and info on competitions.

TALKING OF bulging mailbags, we have been inundated with letters from readers wondering what on earth happened to the Blondie concert that was advertised as part of the "On The Road" TV series.

Not surprisingly, more than a few of you were cheesed off to switch on and see Dean Friedman instead — no substitute for Debbie, of course.

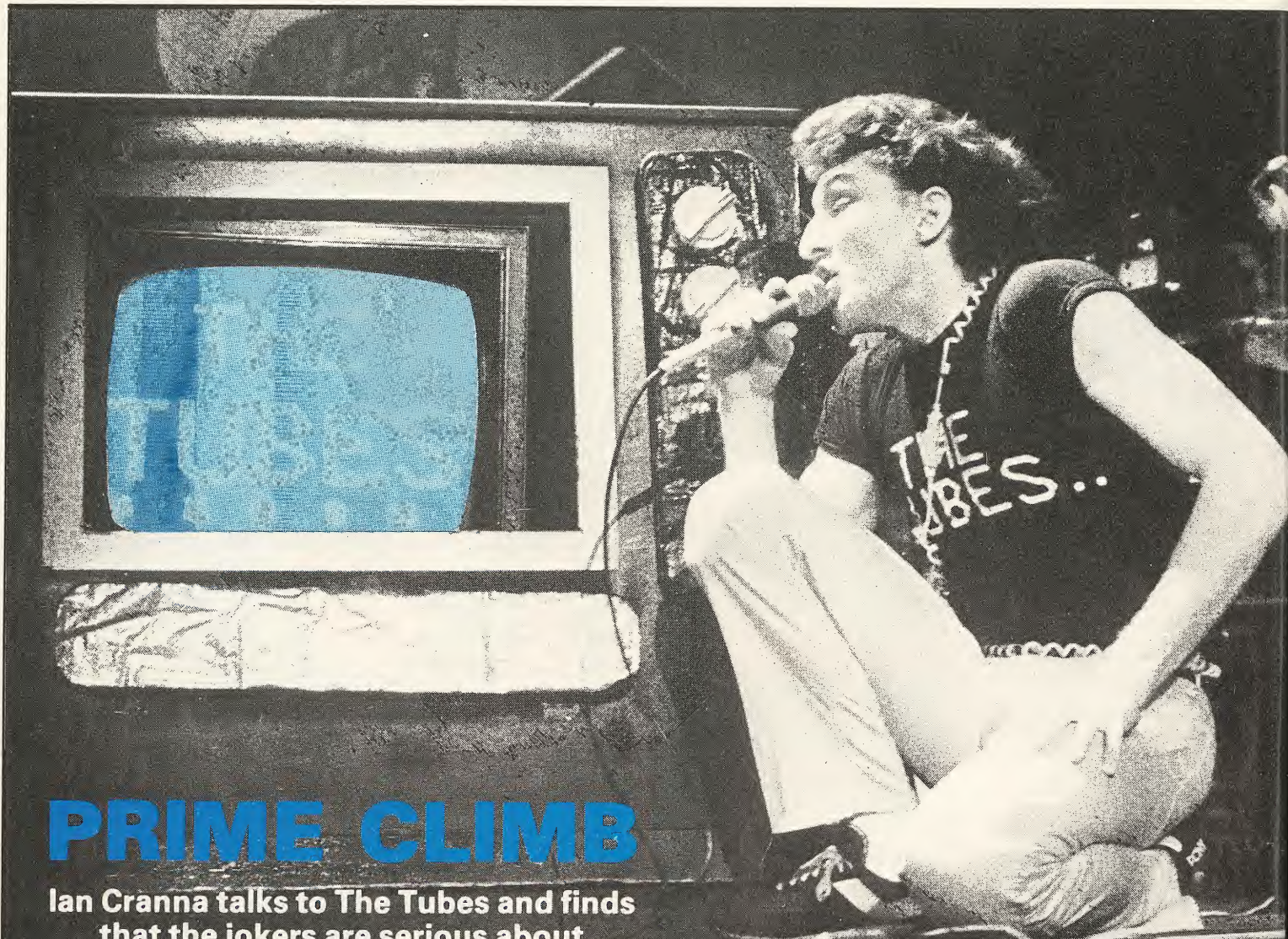
Well the explanation is simply, that the programme was supposed to be filmed during the spring Blondie U.K. tour and that was cancelled. Okay, so there was no film, but it was mighty silly, in that case, for the programme schedules to list it.



"Were you truly wuffed here from Paradise?"
"Nah, Luton Airport."
Early David Bowie, with unknown friend, photographed by Mick Rock. It's one of the shots we couldn't squeeze into our recent Bowie picturespread.

JUKE BOX JURY

"JUKE Box Jury", the '60s TV show on which a panel of 'personalities' passed comment on new singles, is to be revived on BBC 1 for early Saturday evening screenings starting June 16. Host will be Noel Edmonds.



PRIME CLIMB

Ian Cranna talks to The Tubes and finds that the jokers are serious about getting down to business.

A COMPLETE stranger surveying the photographs that surround this article could be excused for thinking that Fee Waybill, lead singer and spokesperson for The Tubes, was some kind of nutcase or Grade A weirdo at the very least.

In fact, as with most performers who are eccentric on stage, Mr. Waybill is really a pretty normal guy. That's him with the TV on his head.

Right now the tall, athletic American is stretched out on the bed of his London hotel room and he's tired. Not just physically tired but tired also of the hoo-hah about the outrageous showmanship that has gained The Tubes their reputation to date.

But let's begin at the beginning.

Though The Tubes actually got together in San Francisco, everybody in the band grew up in Arizona, the hot, dry state in the huge South West of America.

"We've all known each other since high school," Fee recalls, choosing some vitamin pills. "Ten, eleven years we've known each other."

Bored by their home city of Phoenix and realizing that no rock band would ever break big from there, the various members of The Tubes-to-be drifted out west in small groups to San Francisco. There, in 1972, they decided to join forces.

"I wasn't in a band before The Tubes," Fee explains. "I had been doing a lot of theatre-type things in college and school — doing plays and stuff like that."

"We all got together and wanted to do crazy stuff. We started doing satire and various things — mainly to try and get work!"

Where does their famous satirical streak come from?

"It kinda comes out subconsciously I think," Fee grins. "We never do anything straight. Maybe it was our

upbringing from living in Phoenix — it was such a ludicrous place to live.

"They test new products on people who live in Phoenix because it's an isolated market. They figure we don't have an outside influence — like from New York or Los Angeles — so they test new things to see if they go over in Phoenix, then they try them in big markets.

"Like, MacDonaldis was started in Phoenix. The very first one was put up in Phoenix and was tested out on the kids to see if they would go for these stoopid hamburgers. And Kentucky Fried Chicken and all kinds of products — we were just bombarded throughout our whole life with one stoopid thing after another. I guess it kind of jaded us to where we never take *anything* seriously!"

THE TUBES' notorious stage show — where they exaggerated and went as far

Fee Waybill turns on.

overboard as possible to take the mickey — certainly got them noticed all right.

And, since they were no mean musicians in their own right, a recording contract with A&M soon followed. But their outrageous antics, costumes and props — such as the giant stack heels that cost Fee a broken leg on their last visit here — now began to take over their whole lives and careers. "It built into a giant monster that ate up everything," Fee shakes his head in exasperation.

Worst of all, the spectacular stage routines totally overshadowed and distracted from The Tubes' own rock music.

"It just got worse and worse and worse till people didn't even think of us as music any more. They just thought of us as a visual type of thing. Which was no good at all. We didn't sell any records that way."

People, it seemed, just

wouldn't take The Tubes seriously. Eventually, after three albums — including a live double set recorded in London — had failed to get anywhere, it was make or break time for The Tubes.

"We had to make a big decision to change the entire thing and concentrate on the music," Fee explains earnestly, "which is what we've been trying to do lately. It's difficult for us because we have to do a show and everybody in the audience is expecting something different from what we're trying to do."

It is indeed a tough task for the band, as diehard Tubes fans expect them to top last visit's show with something even more bizarre and outrageous as well as insisting that they perform all their old favourites.

"They'll scream 'Mondo Bondage' or something that's not in the set, and they're not gonna get that," Fee emphasises.

"I'm sure some of them are disappointed," he continues, "but I think that the majority of people realise our situation and can appreciate the music more and appreciate us for changing rather than staying the same."

THE STORY of the all-important new album is that it's a theme one about TV. Mike Cotten, The Tubes' designer and synthesiser whizz, and Fee Waybill were both working on film projects about a kid who watches too much TV. At the same time, The Tubes were also writing tunes for the new album.

When the time came to

record, the pair showed their ideas to producer Todd Rundgren (also a star in his own right) who encouraged them to incorporate the idea into the new album.

So Cotten and Waybill pooled their separate ideas and The Tubes then set about rewriting their tunes and lyrics around this new theme. Following the idea of the film project, the record has a definite progression through the tracks.

The idea is that it's about a boy who gets too hung up on his TV, and thinks that the real world is like TV. "And when he has to go out into the real world to try and survive," Fee continues, "everything screws up on him. He doesn't get the girl and the good guys don't have white hats on, and then in the end he just can't take it any more and — telecide!!"

With The Tubes' decision to concentrate on the music rather than the theatre, the resulting album "Remote Control" is a real hot number. There are any number of good strong tunes, from power rockers like "Turn Me On" and "I Want It All Now", to the ballad "Love's A Mystery" and, of course, "Prime Time". "Prime Time", incidentally, didn't chart at all in The States where, Fee tells us, disco is pretty much on the way out. A lot of American DJ's thought The Tubes were seriously trying to go disco and refused to play it as a result!

WE TELL Fee that **SMASH HITS** thinks that "Remote

PIC: CHRIS HORLER

PIC: JILL FURMANOVSKY



An unsuspecting audience member finds herself in the middle of The Tubes' grand finale, "What Do You Want From Life?"



Fee discovers the dangers of smoking in "It's A Drag!"

PIC: CHRIS HORLER

Control" is The Tubes' strongest album by far, honest mister and no creeping.

"I do too," he replies modestly. "I think it really works. We just tried to do something that would stand on its own musically rather than something that was part of a big theatre deal."

The strength of "Remote Control" is being reflected in sales figures — it's far outselling anything else they've ever done. Fee is delighted that at last all the rigours of their hard work are being rewarded.

"I'm tired of not selling records," he says wearily. "We've never sold enough records to pay off the cost of making one. It's ridiculous."

"We're certainly not making any money touring. It costs so much money to tour here. You can break even but we're not putting anything in the bank. And we've been together a long time — a band for seven years. It's about time we had something to show for it. So

we want a hit record real bad, some sales figures that will encourage our record company to keep us — because they were thinking seriously about giving us the boot."

Now that these problems look like being ended thanks to The Tubes' revised ideas, was Fee glad to see the end of the old routines?

"Yes," he replies with relief. "I was. We've done it for much too long. It's not funny any more. I don't think it's interesting. I don't think it's topical. Stuff like that only works for a little while, I think, and then you've got to go on to something new."

Having seen The Tubes' new slimline visual show — much improved now that their clever theatrical ideas actually match the music instead of wildly overshadowing it — and having heard their much stronger new music, **Smash Hits** congratulates The Tubes on taking the right decision to move on.



Telecide!



Fee as Quay Lude from the evergreen crowd favourite, "White Punks On Dope"

PIC: JILL FURMANOVSKY

Sister Sledge

We Are Family

By Sister Sledge on
Atlantic Records

Chorus

We are family I've got all my sisters
with me
We are family get up everybody and
sing
We are family I've got all my sisters
with me
We are family get up everybody and
sing

Everyone can see we're together
As we walk on by
And and we fly just like birds of a
feather
I won't tell no lie
All all of the people around us they
say
Can they be that close
Just let me state for the record
We're giving love in a family dose

Repeat chorus

Living life is fun and we've just begun
To get our share
Of this world's delights
High high hopes we have for the
future
And our goal's in sight
We know we don't get depressed
Here's what we call
Our golden rule
Have faith in you and the things you
do
You won't go wrong oh no
This is our family jewel

Repeat chorus with ad libs to fade



Words and music by Rogers/Edwards.
Reproduced by permission Warner
Bros. Music.



Pick Me Up I'll Dance

By Melba Moore on Epic Records

Chorus

Just pick me up I'll dance
Dance to the music dance
Just pick me up I'll dance
Ooh I'll dance to the music dance

Everybody is dancin'
They're out on the floor
Everybody is prancin'
They're hollerin' for more
(More, more, more, more)
Now I like to party
I like to get down
I like to groove
I like to move
And I'm ready now

Repeat chorus

When the music starts playin'
I feel so alone
There's no need for sighin'
Or stayin' at home
Just movin' my body
To the beat of the band
There's no need to fear
I'm glad I'm here
So let me have my hands

Repeat chorus

Ooh dance ooh dance ooh dance
I'm gonna put your body down

Chorus with ad libs to fade

Words and music by M. Fadden, Whitehead and Rose.
Reproduced by permission Mighty Tree and Island Music.

Ring My Bell

By Anita Ward on TK Records

I'm glad you're home
Now did you really miss me
I guess you did
By the look in your eye look in your eye look in your eye
Well lay back and relax
While I put away the dishes put away the dishes
Then you and me can rock a back

Chorus

You can ring my bell ring my bell (ring my bell ding dong
ding)
You can ring my bell ring my bell (ring my bell ring a ling
a ling)
You can ring my bell ring my bell (ring my bell ding dong
ding)
You can ring my bell ring my bell (ring my bell ring a ling
a ling)

The night is young
And full of possibilities
Well come on and let yourself be free
My love (love for you) for you love for you
So long I've been saving
The night was made for me and you

Repeat chorus

You can ring my bell
You can ring my bell ding dong ding ahh ring it
You can ring my bell anytime anywhere
Ring it ring it ring it ring it ahh

You can ring my bell
You can ring my bell ding dong ding ahh ring it
You can ring my bell anytime anywhere
Ring it ring it ring it ring it ahh

Repeat chorus to fade

Words and music by Frederick Knight. Reproduced by
permission Island Music.



HIGHLAND GA

Angie Errigo follows the Boomtown Rats to Loch Lomond and back again.

I KNOW that you're not going to believe me, but let me tell you that there are few activities that are less glamorous than being on the road with a rock band.

Admittedly, one of the perks of this job is that once in a blue moon you really do get to ride in a Rolls with a superstar and guzzle champagne, but that's the exception rather than the rule. The usual story is of a long haul up a motorway in a dirty old van with a mug of tea at a cafe and a packet of crisps thrown in if you're lucky.

After the initial excitement of being "in on the act" wears off, you have to be pretty keen on a band to put up with life on the road.

For their headlining appearance at the Loch Lomond Festival on Spring Bank Holiday weekend, the

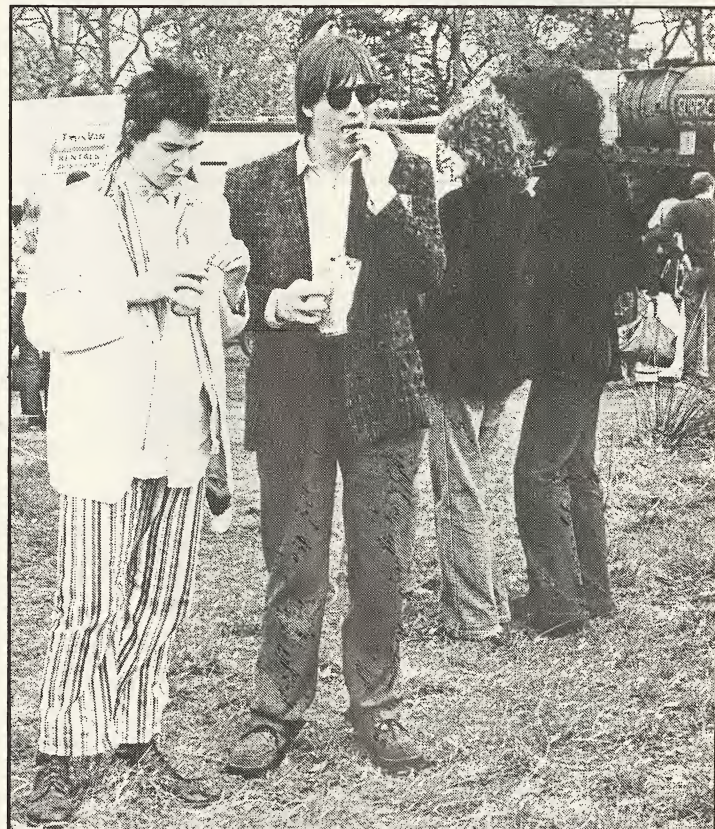
Boomtown Rats left London a few days early to fit in two days of intensive rehearsal near the festival site.

Since it was to be their first gig after a few months in America and would include material not performed in this country before, they wanted to make sure everything was right.

The journey by coach took nearly 12 hours. Besides listening to cassettes and reading, the Rats have devised a few methods of their own to fend off boredom.

Charades is a favourite except with Fingers, who says he's useless at it. To their embarrassment, any girls on board somehow always get slipped incredibly rude film and book titles to act out.

There's also a story game devised by the incorrigible



Bob Geldof. "We send someone up to the front of the coach while we make up a story. Actually we aren't making up a story, they just think we are. Then they come back and have to guess what the story is, piecing it together by asking us questions about it. We have to answer every question with a yes or no, but we just say yes for every question that ends in a vowel and no to every question ending in a consonant. That way they make up their own story; it's always amazing what people come up with. It really shows where *their* head is."

HAVING arrived at their destination — a hotel called The Maltings, in Duntocher — there's little evidence of rock 'n' roll's legendary riotous goings on.

Rather wistfully Bob admits: "When we're in hotels after the usual round of travelling, sound checks, gigs and interviews, we usually literally just have tea and sandwiches."

Fresh back from the States, the boys are full of anecdotes about their reception there.

In Vancouver, Canada, they were presented with the keys

to the city's sewers. In Lawrence, Kansas, home of the State university, the students staged a Boomtown Rats parade, complete with giant rat floats.

In Hollywood they made the national television news when they played in Frederick's, the famous kinky lingerie shop. Space was obviously limited, but most of the tickets went free to kids, leaving people in the business to elbow in where they could.

The shop required two million dollars' insurance, fearing the worst, and CBS coughed up ten thousand dollars to Lloyds for it, but there was no trouble and a great time was had by all. The high spot was a Rats' version of "YMCA" with Rattified lyrics.

The band was still travelling in a coach, but what a coach. It had beds, showers, telephones and video equipment installed, making it into a mobile playpen. "The only bad thing was that we were doing 600 miles a day in the coach and you couldn't take it all in."

BACK IN Duntocher, the two days of the festival, after rehearsals, are spent to-ing

MES (and other Ratty tales)

and fro-ing between The Maltings and the festival site — normally a bear park — to check out the stage arrangements and socialise.

A distillery owner invites the boys to see how whiskey is made and presents them with a huge bottle, and the owner of the estate whose land the festival site is on conducts a guided tour of his private zoo for Bob and his girlfriend Paula Yates.

Pleasant diversions while hanging around in the dreary weather for the performance.

Paula and I decide to take a walk while the band are organising a troop of Scottish pipers who will take the stage with them. We get lost and end up staggering back to the stage area after climbing two barbed wire fences, scrambling across gullies and wading a stream in our high heels. All this excitement of hanging out with the band is getting too much for me.

After a hurried meal at the hotel, departure is delayed by a group of screaming girls lying in wait at the coach for autographs, which makes the band happy although the noisy enthusiasm on display



is a little nerve-racking.

Alerted on the coach by the sounds of sniffing, I crane around suspiciously in time to see Gary inhaling Vicks nasal spray and Bob snorting Rynacrom for his hay fever. "How can I write a colourful piece if you guys don't do anything horrendous?" I complain. Johnny mumbles

excuses and dozes off, clutching a pink pyjama bag to his chest.

Finally the gig actually comes off, and all the waiting around pays off when the Rats deliver an hour-and-a-half of excitement, punctuated by the appearance of the pipers and the crowd singing along

to "The Flower of Scotland", as well as a surprise from the promoter — a pack of dancers in bear costume who astonish even the band.

WHEN IT was all over and I was standing backstage in the dark waiting for my lift home, I got a bit incensed when two young boys accosted me and asked where the Rats were.

I pointed out where I thought the coach might be, but said I thought it had left already. "Oh wonderful," they complained. "They don't bother hanging about waiting for their fans, do they?"

I thought that was pretty unfair since it was cold and late and the band had just delivered the best set of the whole weekend.

And I have seen them hang about to talk with fans many times in spite of being tired and hungry. Next time you miss a band and think they're off somewhere living it up in the lap of luxury, boys, I can assure you they probably aren't. They're probably back on the motorway for a 12-hour ride home.



**SMASH
HITS**
BRYAN FERRY



HOT STUFF



Robin Katz braves the heat to talk to the cool lady who's helped push disco to the forefront.

HOT STUFF. Honey, you gotta have what it takes to be hot stuff. You need a body that boys dream about and that girls envy. Then add low cut tops, thigh-high skirts and lots of sequins. Make sure your jewellery and make up are exquisitely placed. Swish your finery for the cameraman and keep up the perfect teasing pose 25 hours a day. To be hot stuff is hard work.

One of the problems with being so good to look at is that people don't want to look much further. And that can be frustrating. Or at least it is for Donna Summer. After all, if she simply wanted to confine herself to looking good, she could have become a fashion model. But Donna didn't just want to be seen, she wanted to be heard.

1975: Enter producer and writer Giorgio Moroder and Englishman Pete Bellotte with a song called "Love To Love You Baby". They needed a girl who could sing for nearly twenty minutes as if she was about to expire from an asthma attack.

Enter Donna Summer, an American living in Germany and veteran of a string of rock-musicals and bit parts in films. Donna gets the studio lights turned down low for atmosphere. She closes her eyes, uses her imagination and takes a very deep breath. Move over Barry White, Ms. Summer has arrived.

At first, no-one noticed. Did you know that "Love To Love You" was originally a big flop? No-one in Europe wanted to know. Then the record started to pick up steam in the States. Overnight everyone wanted personal Donna Summer deep breathing lessons. Everybody but Donna that is.

Success was great, but it was having big drawbacks. First of all, she began getting obscene phone calls. Separated from her husband, she grabbed her small

daughter Mimi and moved to Los Angeles. No-one wanted to believe she had any talent whatsoever except for what she looked like filling out a dress.

"I can't depend on moaning and groaning in 10 years time," protested Donna. "I have a lot more to offer."

THE KEY to Donna's long term success has been that she's kept moving. Within the confines of disco-beat and glittering dresses, she works hard to change visual gears and musical concepts. For one album, "The Four Seasons of Love", Donna dressed up to look like movie queens of the past. In "I Remember Yesterday", which you can now get as a budget album, Donna uses her voice in the style of '40's, '50's and '60's music.

"When I do a stage show," she explained, "I play with images. I come on as a sexy person, as a young girl, as a kind of Cinderella and as an old lady. Some people who come to my concerts are disappointed that I don't give them a whole hour of being sexy. But if I did just that, I think everyone would be bored."

Last year, Donna fulfilled a long term ambition to be in a film. In "Thank God It's Friday", the tacky disco flick, she played a would-be singer trying to get a big break. Her performance didn't exactly win her an Academy Award nomination. But she was pleased with it.

"It wasn't any kind of heavy acting," she explained. "I did it for a goof, a gag. It was the sort of movie where you go and see it

and then go out to a disco."

Donna spends so much time in her interviews trying to be taken seriously that a lot of people wonder if she hates the music that made her famous.

"I feel good about having an identity with something," she says without a second's hesitation. "I don't think disco is bad. As the years go on, more and more artists are making disco records. People have stopped fighting disco music. Musicians have realised that if disco is what people want, that they'll give it to them. People wanna dance . . . they wanna move. They're tired of being tied down. To me, discos are indoor playgrounds where people go to wind down from their frustrations.

"I'll catch hell for saying this, but I also think that disco music is more highly produced on a lot of levels than rock music. In a lot of ways it's more complicated. But you shouldn't keep sticking artists into little categories anyway. If I were to record 'The Way We Were', would you call that a disco song? C'mon now!"

MORE THAN before, Ms. Summer is working behind the scenes. In addition to doing more songwriting, she's also producing an album for her three sisters who do backup singing for her.

"I do wish people would stop thinking that Donna's recording sessions are sex orgies," producer Giorgio Moroder once moaned. "We work together like any team. I play with my synthesizer and Donna

experiments with her voice. If a session is going well, Donna will complete her part in one or two takes. I prefer the sessions if they go quickly. 'I Feel Love' was completed like that. Donna did it in ten minutes. None of us realised it was going to turn out to be the hit it did."

For her latest album, "Bad Girls", Donna has taken out her paint box and paid disco tribute to the streetwalkers round the world. The double album is a mixture of disco, ballads and a thin kind of story which holds the set together. Donna Summer, as always, is in her permanently varnished nails, perfect wigs and assortment of revealing clothes. The message is clear — look, but don't touch. Keep on looking because that's what keeps hot stuff hot.

And Donna Summer intends to keep sizzling until she's the biggest superstar the '80's have ever seen.



How to enter

Simply solve our crossword puzzle, writing the answers in ink, pen or ballpoint. Complete the coupon with your own full name and address, then cut it out and post it in a sealed envelope addressed to: SMASH HITS (Crossword No 14), 117 Park Road, Peterborough PE1 2TS. Make sure it arrives not later than June 27th, 1979, the closing date. Sender of the first correct entry checked after the closing date will win the radio cassette player. Senders of the next 25 correct entries will each

receive a copy of The Undertones album. The Editor's decision on all matters relating to the competition will be final and legally binding. No correspondence can be entered into. The competition is open to all readers in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, Eire, Channel Isles and the Isle of Man, excluding employees (and their families) of *Smash Hits* and East Midland Allied Press.



The brogue that's the vogue...

... is undoubtedly that of Ireland's finest, The Undertones. Which is another way of saying that we've got 25 copies of their very fine debut album, containing "Jimmy Jimmy", "Family Entertainment", "Male Model" and "Here Comes Summer" and many more, to splash out as prizes in this issue's Undertone-tinted crossword competition. You know the score: the first correct entry opened after the closing date gets the radio cassette player, plus a cassette of The Undertones album. The next 25 correct entries opened after the closing date each cop a copy of the Derry boys great LP ...

WIN
this GREAT
radio cassette
recorder



ACROSS

- 2 Lene Lovich sounds like a superstitious lady (5,6)
- 7 Remember him? — Gary Glitter lookalike who had hits with "My Coo Coo Ca Choo" and "Jealous Mind" (5,8)
- 10 How Poly found out if she'd broken any bones?! (1-3)
- 12 Largish band of musicians — the kind usually found in a pit!
- 13 "Here Comes The ..." was a hit 45 for Cockney Rebel
- 15 Roxy Music know what to do at the disco (5,4)
- 17 This medical 'man' is guaranteed to make you feel better! (2,8)
- 20 See 1 down
- 22 Debbie's was of glass
- 23 Live and *dangerous* part of the "Shine A Little Love" outfit!
- 24 Whose army?
- 25 He figures *twice* in the Undertones hit
- 26 See 6 down
- 27 Bodyshaking soul brothers from the USA

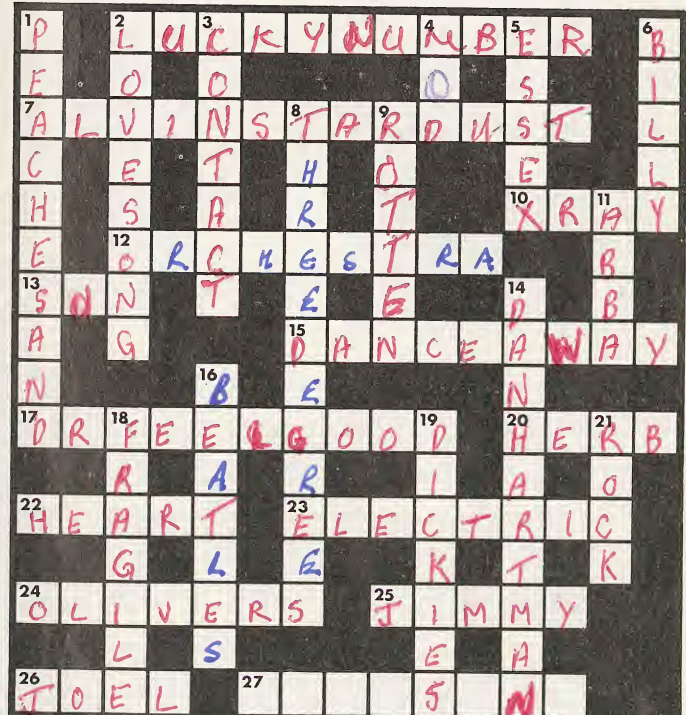
DOWN

- 1 and 20 across The "Reunited" pair (7, 3, 4)
- 2 The Damned's unlikely-sounding hit (4,4)
- 3 Edwin Starr's last disco smash
- 4 You'd recognise one by the Parka and the mohair threads
- 5 Singer, or a county in the south east
- 6 and 26 across American singer who had a recent hit with "My Life"
- 8 He greets deer (anagram 5,7)
- 9 Left Pistols to cultivate his public image!
- 11 Swedish palindrome (word that's the same backwards as forwards, dummy!)
- 14 "Instant Replay" was his disco biggie (3,7)
- 16 The Fab Four, otherwise nicknamed the Moptops
- 18 Early Yes album, needs to be handled with the *utmost care!*
- 19 "Banana Splits" group
- 21 Holiday music? Lick it, or dance to it!

Answers to X-word No. 12

ACROSS: 1 Gary's Gang; 5 "The Runner"; 8 Kiki (Dee); 9 Olivia Newton John; 12 Rose Royce; 14 Van; 15 RCA; 17 Liar; 18 Helen (Reddy); 19 John Otway; 21 Gloria (Gaynor); 23 Can; 24 ELO; 26 Sid (Vicious); 27 Dan (Hartman); 28 "Year (Of The Cat)"; 30 (Barry) Manilow; 31 (Gloria) Gaynor.
DOWN: 1 "Get Down"; 2 Gonzalez; 3 Brian (Eno); 4 "Oliver's Army"; 6 "Rave On"; 7 Raw; 10 (Brian) Eno; 11 OBE; 12 Raydio; 13 Cerrone; 15 Roy Wood; 16 Gregg (Allman); 17 Leo (Sayer); 19 Jackson; 20 (Taste Of) Honey; 22 Rod (Stewart); 25 Inner (Circle); 26 Sham (69); 29 (X) Ray (Spex).

Winners of crossword No. 12 are on page 28



No 14

Name Brian Mc Clokey Age 10

Address Derry

N. Ireland

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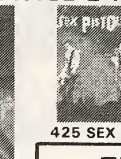







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 33 PETER	 34 KATA	 58 JULIE	 45 Ms. ANTON	 59 FARRAH BLUE	 34 GENE	 50 E.L.O.	 56 R. STONES	 48 C. LADD	 49 P. GLASER	 53 Ms. CARTER	 54 CONVOY	 55 M. LOAF

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401 THE WHO	404 BEATLES	406 F. MAC	408 B. SABBATH	410 L. ZEPPELIN	412 ELVIS	414 L. RONST.	416 J. PAGE	418 HENDRIX	420 D. BROTHERS	423 BAD CO.	426 L. RONST.	429 KISS ALIVE
402 HENDRIX	405 KISS TOUR	407 P. McCARTNEY	409 M. JAGGER	411 G. DEAD	413 J. STARSHIP	415 B. BOYS	417 T. NUGENT	419 B. MARLEY	422 R. PLANT	424 R. STEWART	427 YES	430 BEE GEES

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523 BOSTON	525 YES	526 BLUE O. CULT

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Halfway Hotel

By Voyager on Mountain Records

Hey mamma it's a long long way
To your borderland home where the butterflies play all day
Yeah it's a long long way
And I'm awful hungry you know
I could almost eat my words
I said I'd give up my vacation
To take you right across the nation
And your mother thinks I'm crazy too
I'll tell you what I think we should do

Why don't we pull in at the Halfway Hotel
I long for service at the ring of a bell
And we could sleep in late
Hey your mommy and your daddy can wait
And if we pull in at the halfway hotel
Why they're so discreet and I know only too well
You want to get home again
No it ain't home but you'll be welcome to stay
You'd be amazed to see the people who you thought so swell
Tipping back the Moselle and life ain't so hard on a credit card
It's almost normal at the Halfway Hotel

Hey momma can you feel the heat
My radiator's all dry and we're the only fools left in this street
But sure I think your sweet
But I ain't no hero you know
You've been mixing me up with those men in that slush
You fill you mind with all that comic book stuff
And it's your imagination playing little tricks on you
But at least I think I know what to do

Chorus twice to fade

*Words and music by Paul French. Reproduced by permission
Eiger Music/Panache Music.*

Night Owl

by Gerry Rafferty on United Artists Records

Night comes down and finds you alone
In a space and time of your own
Lost in dreams in a whirlpool
of shadows
Down the street the neon
light shines
Offering refuge and hope to
the blind
You stumble in with no
thought of tomorrow

Chorus

Yes I get a little lonely when
the sun gets low
And I end up looking for
somewhere to go
Yes I should know better but
can't say no
Ooh no no no no no no no

The lights are low and the
muzak is loud
You watch yourself as you
play to the crowd
One more face in a palace of
mirrors
One more drink you're sailing away
One more dream but its looking OK
One more time to watch the
flow of the river

Repeat chorus

Ooh no no no etc

Repeat chorus

Ooh no no no etc (to fade)

*Words and music by Gerry Rafferty. Reproduced by permission
Belfern Music.*



Who Were You With In The Moonlight

By Dollar on Carrere Records

Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with my love
Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with my love

Making me so sad
Making me so sad, so so sad
Making me so sad

You say you don't belong to me
I can't help feeling you're mine
I wanna feel you close to me baby
You say you ain't got the time
Why are you hurting me baby
Why do you treat me so bad
You're just a run around lover
Though I gave you everything I had
Yes I gave you everything I had

Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who who were you with my love
Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who who were you with my love

Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with in the moonlight baby
Making me so sad, making me sad
Making me so sad, so so sad
Making me so sad
Though I gave you everything I had
Yes I gave you everything I had

Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with
Who were you with
Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with in the moonlight baby
Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight
Who were you with my love
Making me so sad
Making me so sad
Making me so sad
Who were you with in the moonlight
Who was it holding you so tight

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- ~~SHADOWS~~
- ~~SIDE EFFECT~~
- ~~SUPERTRAMP~~
- ~~WAR~~
- ~~WHO~~

ST TEASERS

Put a line through the names as you find them. Solutions on page 28.



A

B

- ~~ADVERTS~~
- ~~BARRY WHITE~~
- ~~CRYSTAL GAYLE~~
- ~~DIANA ROSS~~
- ~~ERUPTION~~
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- ~~PETER~~
- ~~FRAMPTON~~
- ~~REZILLOS~~
- ~~SHOWADDYWADDY~~
- ~~SISTER SLEDGE~~
- ~~STEVE JONES~~
- ~~STYLISTICS~~
- ~~SUPREMES~~
- ~~WINGS~~



Request Spot

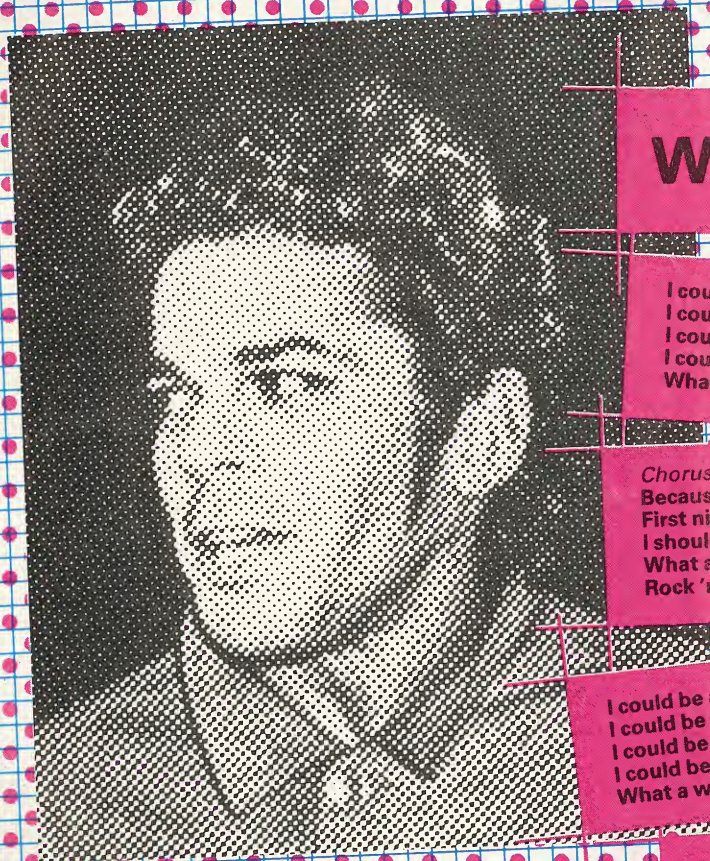
ARTIST Ian Dury + The Blockheads

SONG What A Waste

LABEL Stiff

YEAR 1978

REQUESTED BY Dawn Freeman
of Farnborough, Hants



WHAT A WASTE

I could be the driver, an articulated lorry
I could be a poet, I wouldn't need to worry
I could be a teacher in a classroom full of scholars
I could be the sergeant in a squadron full of whallahs
What a waste (x4)

Chorus
Because I chose to play the fool in a six piece band
First night nerves ev'ry one night stand
I should be glad to be so inclined
What a waste, what a waste
Rock 'n' roll don't mind

I could be a lawyer with strategems and ruses
I could be a doctor with poultices and bruises
I could be a writer with a growing reputation
I could be the ticket man at Fulham Broadway station
What a waste (x4)

Repeat chorus

I could be the catalyst that sparks a revolution
I could be an inmate in a long-term institution
I could lean to wild extremes, I could do or die
I could yawn and be withdrawn and watch them gallop by
What a waste (x4)

Repeat chorus to fade

Words by Ian Dury. Reproduced by permission Blackhill Music.

Singles

By CLIFF WHITE

LAST ISSUE I belatedly went all gooey about The Sutherland Brothers' poignant popside "Easy Come, Easy Go", which unfortunately seems to have been overlooked by the Mysterious Force That Makes A Record A Hit. Today I'm still nursing delicate emotions so, for starters, here are a couple more mislaid gems of romantic appeal for those of you who are feeling equally sentimental right now.

SANDY McLELLAND & THE BACKLINE: *Can We Still Be Friends* (Mercury). Outstanding performance of a touching Todd Rundgren song (the title says it all, does it not?) by a fella who occasionally reminds me of Van Morrison and Stevie Wonder but is really quite unique. The band, arrangement and production are also superb. At a different time — i.e. if we weren't all either dancing or aggressively banging our heads against society's wall — this record would be a monster.

RAY TISSIER: *Love Is A Small Town* (Ensign). Another unknown troubadour with heartache, only this guy is already married and has fallen for 'the other woman'. A sensitive, exceptionally well-produced performance that deserves a wider hearing than it's likely to get.

O.K., that's enough tenderness for the time being. Now let's larf, dance, get angry, fall over etc.

SQUEEZE: *Up The Junction* (A&M). Funnily enough, the story line of this cleverly detailed song — presumably inspired by the book/film/TV play of the same name — is just the sort of domestic drama that romantics usually write about. But Squeeze take it on the chin and find the irony and humour in the situation. A great pop record from a group that, for me, are already the equal of The Beatles in their prime. (I hope that isn't taken as an insult.)

THE RECORDS: *Teenarama* (Virgin). Dunno whether it's just my lack of imagination but this fast-improving, fast-rising quartet also remind me of the Mop Tops — particularly their vocal harmonies. A fine, unpretentious rock 'n' pop disc about the effect teenage girls can

have on older fellas. Say no more, Cliff, say no more.

GANG OF FOUR: *At Home He's A Tourist/It's Her Factory* (EMI). Not officially a double-A-side, but both songs are equally startling, equally challenging and in a way related — making acid comment on society's traditional attitude to 'the home' and woman's expected role in that home. Behind the uncomfortable lyrics, the Gang's music is stark and exciting, featuring great guitar work on the topside and eerie melodica on the flip.

VILLAGE PEOPLE: *Go West* (Mercury). Already in tens of thousands of homes as the title track of VP's chart album, a fun single that is only marred by its similarity to the group's previous two hits. Keep this up chaps and you'll soon be yesterday's men.

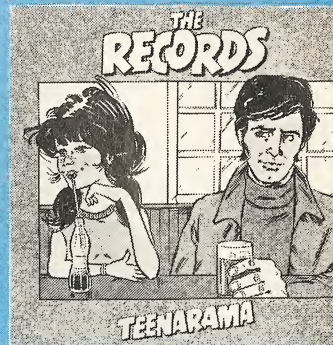
CHARLIE FAWN: *Blue Skies* (Warner Bros/Hansa). The Sid Vicious Revival starts here. Er, no, perhaps not. Although Mr Fawn looks somewhat like a healthy version of the late Sid on the front cover of this single, his songs, singing and uncredited band are more powerpop than punk. Not too bad, but not too stunning either.

KIRSTY MacCOLL: *They Don't Know* (Stiff). Impressive, self-composed debut by the 19 year-old daughter of folk singer Ewan MacColl. Topside is a neat, '60s-style, beat-ballad that's reminiscent of Lesley "It's My Party" Gore; better still is the raunchy flip, "Turn My Motor On", a rudely rocking, Blondie-ish track.

STATUS QUO: *In My Chair* (Pye). Vintage Quo, reissued from about 1970 — and drawn from a whole album of the group's oldies called "Just For The Record". It's a steady-rollin', heavy blues riff, not so manic as a lot of their later stuff but still sounding forceful. A chart contender, even today.

HEATWAVE: *Razzle Dazzle* (GTO). No, it's *not* Bill Haley & The Comets' rock 'n' roll hit! 'Tis in fact a mid-tempo funky jog that doesn't immediately sound anything special but grows stronger with every play. Great for mid-evening disco action.

KEVIN KEEGAN: *Head Over Heels In Love* (EMI). Usually, sports people, film stars, comedians and suchlike who venture onto record are hopeless. As an exception, Kevin tackles this pop ditty (written and



produced by two of his mates from Smokie) as professionally as any full-time cabaret star. Mind you, that isn't necessarily a compliment.

DEVO: *The Day My Baby Gave Me A Surprise* (Virgin). Ho hum. I realise that Devo have been darlings of New Wave chic but this is nothing to rave about, especially as there's so much echo on the lead vocal track it's difficult to concentrate on the point of the exercise. Surprising? Not really; just routine bamalama.

CARRIE LUCAS: *Dance With You* (Solar). An excellent example of



Devo mount a guard on the *Smash Hits* review pages . . .

How are we gonna break it to them that they've got a bad review?!

Albums

why a lot of smug lunkheads are stupendously stupid in dismissing disco music as watery pap. The rhythm section on this record is so Godzilla powerful it could easily wipe the likes of Devo right off this page. In fact the *best* (but only the best) of today's disco records are far gutsier than most contemporary rock groups. Unfortunately, disco lyrics are usually garbage, which doesn't help the music's credibility. Such is the case here, although Ms Lucas does her very best with what she's been given.

PARLIAMENT: Deep (Casablanca). I have advance info that this freaky hunk of P-Funk will be available on single by the time you read this column. Personally I rate it highly but, suspecting that it may be a mite weird for mass appeal, I recommend you investigate the flip — a full length version of the group's "Flash Light."

ROBERT PALMER: Bad Case Of Lovin' You (Island). Strong, well produced performance of a Moon Martin rocker that's the most memorable thing Robert's recorded for ages. Where there's life there's hope.



PIC: CHALKIE DAVIES

By RED STARR

BEFORE I cast my pearls before swine this week, I'd just like to say hi and thanks to everybody who's written in defending me, OK? As for those demanding my head/guts/removal because of my exposures of The Bee Gees/Stranglers/everything in general — well, I forgive you and to you I'd just like to say nyah nyah nyah . . .

PATRICK JUVET: Lady Night (Casablanca). With Village People producer Jacques Morali and singer/lyricist Victor Willis in charge, this owes more than a nod to the V.P. clap/stomp sound, despite Patrick sounding like he's got a tight trouser problem. Overall a bit of a yawn, and at barely 29 minutes long this is pushing it. Best trax: "Viva California", "Lady Night". (4 out of 10).

ERUPTION: Leave A Light (Atlantic/Hansa). This is discofied soul — pretty exciting if you haven't heard discofied soul before. The opening title track is a real cracker but thereafter it's a question of the flesh is willing but the melodies are weak. Distressing touches of Boney M (same producer — Frank Farian) also evident. Best trax: "Leave A Light", "One Way Ticket". (5 out of 10).

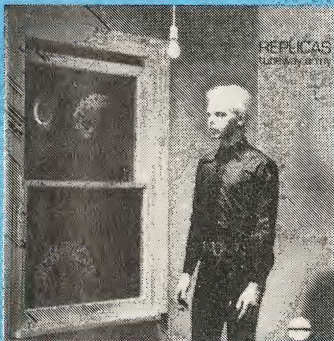
T REX: Solid Gold (EMI). Sixteen tracks in this pop/boogie archive collection but be careful — this represents only the second half of Marc Bolan's career after he'd moved to EMI and passed his peak. Therefore no "White Swan", "Jeepster" etc. Some good, some awful but mostly pretty average stuff here from the original self-obsessed poser. Best trax: "20th Century Boy", "Metal Guru". (5 out of 10).

PATTI SMITH GROUP: Wave (Arista). Poor old Patti Smurf still can't tell a good idea from a bad one so this is the usual mixture of powerful mood music and embarrassingly coy love songs and petulant ranting. In other words, no change. Includes the single, "Frederick". Best trax:

"Dancing Barefoot", "So You Wanna Be A Rock 'n' Roll Star". (5 out of 10).

STATUS QUO: Just For The Record (Pye). Despite the modern logo and sleeve pic, this is yet another repackaging of early years Quo material. The style is lighter and poppier than the present sledgehammer powerdrive but it still stands up quite well. Very generous timing at 53 mins but whoever did the awful cover deserves their own medicine. Best trax: "In My Chair", "Gerdundula". (6 out of 10).

VIOLINSKI: No Cause For Alarm (Jet). ELO they aren't. "Clog Dance" is far and away the strongest song on this average collection of standard riff rock. A spare time outfit and it certainly sounds like it, though at least



they spare us the violin solos. Best trax: "Clog Dance", "No Cause For Alarm". (5 out of 10).

RICK WAKEMAN: Rhapsodies (A&M). Not one but two unlistenable albums of disco-style beat with Wakeman's self indulgent, flashy instrumental doodles on top to bore the pants off everybody. "I enjoy being awful," says Rick Wakeman, and who am I to argue? It's awful. Terrible. Garbage. Play it to someone you hate. Best trax: only the slow "Seahorses" and the jokey "Credits" pass muster. (4 out of 10).

JUDY TZUKE: Welcome To The Cruise (Rocket). A real stunner of a debut from a new arrival on Elton John's label. No debts to fashion here — the songs are powerful and melodic throughout (though occasionally over-arranged), ranging from brassy disco-funk to wistful beauty. If you like classic earlier Elton himself, seek this out. Even the cover is a peach. Best trax: "These Are The Laws", "For You". (8 out of 10).

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA: Discovery (Jet). Hmmm. Good quality melodic pop songs, intricately worked and well executed, superbly packaged — all good stuff, agreed, but a bit predictable really. The essential magic element of surprise is missing somehow. More bite and less calculations are needed in Jeff Lynne's lyrics and arrangements for truly classic status, but ELO fans will not be disappointed. Best trax: "Shine A Little Love", "Last Train For London". (8 out of 10).

PICK OF THE WEEK

TUBEWAY ARMY: Replicas (Beggars Banquet). Technically not in the same league as ELO, but that vital bit of unpredictability secures the crown for this one. The single is a good example of what you'll find here. Strong futuristic imagery, simple but catchy melodies and riffs, haunting synthesiser work — all strikingly delivered in distinctive fashion. Intriguing and definitely different — a good one. Best trax: "Me, I Disconnect From You", "Are 'Friends' Electric?" (8 out of 10).



Eddy Grant

Edwin Starr

Disco TOP 40

THIS WEEK	TWO WEEKS AGO	TITLE/ARTIST	LABEL	BPM
1	3	RING MY BELL ANITA WARD	TK	127
2	2	BOOGIE WONDERLAND EARTH WIND & FIRE & THE EMOTIONS	CBS	130
3	1	AIN'T NO STOPPING US NOW MCFADDEN & WHITEHEAD	PHIL INT	113
4	13	WE ARE FAMILY SISTER SLEDGE	ATLANTIC	117
5	9	H.A.P.P.Y. RADIO EDWIN STARR	20TH CENTURY	
6	10	LIVING ON THE FRONT LINE EDDY GRANT	ENSIGN	REGGAE
7	NEW	THE LONE RANGER QUANTUM JUMP	ELECTRIC	
8	4	REUNITED PEACHES & HERB	POLYDOR	SLOW
9	6	HOT STUFF DONNA SUMMER	CASABLANCA	122
10	33	LET'S LOVEDANCE TONIGHT GARY'S GANG	CBS	
11	15	GET IT UP FOR LOVE TATA VEGA	MOTOWN	122
12	11	(EVERYBODY) GET DANCIN BOMBERS	FLAMINGO	127
13	12	MINDLESS BOOGIE HOT CHOCOLATE	RAK	113
14	NEW	GET ANOTHER LOVE CHANTAL CURTIS	KEY	(136)
15	NEW	SPACE BASS SLICK	FANTASY	
16	8	BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER LINDA CLIFFORD	RSO/CURTOM	130
17	7	ONE WAY TICKET ERUPTION	ATLANTIC HANSA	
18	5	KNOCK ON WOOD AMII STEWART	ATLANTIC	139
19	14	SATURDAY NIGHT T-CONNECTION	TK	133
20	29	PICK ME UP I'LL DANCE MELBA MOORE	EPIC	128
21	NEW	DR JECKYLL & MR HYDE JACKIE MCLEAN	RCA	166
22	34	MAKE YOUR MOVE JOE THOMAS	TK	
23	36	RAZZLE DAZZLE HEATWAVE	GTO	95
24	NEW	A GOOD THING GONE PHIL COUL TER ORCHESTRA	INFERNO	
25	25	GOOD GOOD FEELING WAR	MCA	109
26	21	FEVER ROY AYERS	POLYDOR	128
27	NEW	EVERYBODY HERE MUST PARTY DIRECT CURRENT	(TEC)	115
28	NEW	BORN TO BE ALIVE PATRICK HERNANDEZ	GEM AQUARIUS	133
	BW	FUNKTIFIED HI-TENSION	ISLAND	128
	20	SHAKE YOUR BODY JACKSONS	EPIC	122
	NEW	DANCE WITH YOU CARRIE LUCAS	SOLAR	
	37	DANCIN AT THE DISCO LAX	PYE INT	127
	NEW	BAD GIRLS DONNA SUMMER	CASABLANCA	
	4	ROCK YOUR BABY FORCE	(PHIL INT)	124
35	NEW	HOT FOR YOU BRAINSTORM	TABU	132-139
36	16	RIDE THE GROOVE PLAYERS ASSOCIATION	VANGUARD	
37	NEW	MAKE MY DREAM A REALITY GQ	ARISTA	
38	NEW	WORK IT OUT BREAKWATER	ARISTA	
39	26	THE FORCE REAL THING (INST REMIX)	PYE	132
40	19	DANCER/GINO SOCCIA	WARNER BROS	122

The Disco Top 40 is compiled by Record Business magazine based on sales at specialist disco shops. The chart is also used by Radio Luxembourg, and selections from it are played by Rob Jones on his Thursday and Sunday shows.

Rob Jones' Disco Pick



G.Q. "Make My Dreams A Reality" (Arista)
An admirable follow up to "Disco Nights". A change of style that will complement the beautiful sunny days and summer nights that we are undoubtedly going to enjoy this summer! (Wanna bet? — Ed.) Once again a crossover record as my disco pick — not out-and-out disco but overlapping the pop market.

CONNY JUDE

H.A.P.P.Y. Radio

By Edwin Starr on RCA Records (12in)

An automatic knob turns my radio on
Before my feet can hit the floor
The music's got me ready to go
And all through the whole day
I know my favourite records they'll play
It helps me chase all my blues away
When I can hear that DJ say

That this is station H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan to help your day go by
I said it's the musical natural high
Woah on station H.A.P.P.Y. H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan we plan to help your day go by
Woah musical natural high, natural
On station H.A.P.P.Y.
You should hear them
They'll be playing

While riding home in my car
Now I have the radio never too far
I just-a reach out my hand, turn the dial
And I know they will make me smile
'Cos this is station H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan to help your day go by
I said it's the musical natural high
Woah on station H.A.P.P.Y. H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan we plan to help your day go by
Well well well well, musical natural high yes it is
On station H.A.P.P.Y. H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan we plan to help your day go by
Well well well well, musical natural high yes it is
On station H.A.P.P.Y.

Don't you know that it's a musical natural
On station H.A.P.P.Y. H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan to help your day go by by by by
I said it's a musical (natural high) natural
H.A.P.P.Y.

It was by mistake one day while turning the dial
From my radio came this incredible sound
The music they were playing got next to me
I started clapping my hands and stomping my feet
On station H.A.P.P.Y.
We plan to help your day go by by by by
It's a musical (natural high) natural
On station H.A.P.P.Y. H.A.P.P.Y.
Repeat to fade

Words and music by Edwin Starr. Reproduced
by permission ATV Music.

Living On The Frontline

By Eddy Grant on Ensign Records
(12in version)

Yeah woah yeah woah yeah uh huh alright

Woah you got me living on the frontline
Woah you've got me Mama
Living on the frontline
Woah Mama you gone and born me in the
wrong time
Woah you've got me Mama
You gone and born me on the frontline
They've got me living on top of my existence
Oh I've reached the edge of my resistance

Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
I said yeah yeah woah yeah
I said yeah yeah woah yeah

Ooh what kind of man could I be
If I can't talk about what I see

Oh they tell me got to beware
Take the little money and go
Me no want no dirty money
No me no want no dirty money
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Born in the wrong time
Oh yeah yeah woah yeah
Woo woo woo yeah yeah woah yeah

To all my brothers in Africa
Oh stop a shooting your brother
To all my brothers in Africa
Oh stop a shooting your brother
I need you brother in Africa
Oh we are born from the same mother
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Born on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Oh yeah yeah woah yeah
Woo woo woo woo woo yeah yeah woah
yeah

Me no want nobody money
The oil or the sugar me no want to see
Me no want to shoot Palestine
Oh I have land oh I have mine
Oh Mama Mama you got me

BEV AT THE DISCO

I DON'T know how these boys do
it. Having notched up Top Ten
hits with "YMCA" and "In The
Navy", the Village People are
back with yet another catchy
singalong smash in "Go West"
(Mercury), the title track from
their current LP.

Maybe the secret is that they
keep the same tune and just
change the words, because I
think you'll have some trouble
(as I did) telling "Go West" from
either of its predecessors. If they
don't come up with a new tune
soon, then West is where these
boys will be heading.

No need for caution, however,
in approaching some of the other
disco goodies around right now.
Two great imports worth
checking out are "Rock Your
Baby" by Force (on Philly
International) and "Get Another
Love" by Chantal Curtis (Key).
Both are great dancing records,
and I won't be surprised if the
Chantal Curtis single crosses
over into the national pop charts
when it's released here.

One that I have no doubts
about at all is "Bring The Family
Back" by Billy Paul (again on
Philly Int.). Makes me wanna
move as soon as I hear the
opening bars, and it goes down a
storm at my local club.

Joe Thomas also seems to be
in demand for his great "Make
Your Move" (TK), out now on
12in. According to a couple of
Funkateers I met the other night,
I'm not on my own in raving over

this one. I thought I was seeing a
cross between John Travolta and
Grant Santino when I met Terry
(Jim-Jim) and his mate John
from East Ham, who also give
Joe Thomas 11 out of 10. Keep
funking lads, you're doing a great
job.

Maybe it's just me but I seem
to see more boys than girls on
the dance floors these days. So
c'mon ladies, show 'em how it
should be done. Don't forget to
wear the right gear to set
yourself off. A pair of brightly
coloured pedal-pushers or a
pencil skirt will turn a few heads
when you get on the dance floor.

Before I dash off to do my
exercises so that I can slither into
my pedal-pushers, I'd just like to
say 'Hello' to all the young
funksters I met at the Southgate
Royalty a few weeks ago. We all
had a great time freaking out to
Froggy's Roadshow.

If any *Smash Hits* readers in
the North London area have a
spare Wednesday then come
along to the teenage disco nights
at the Royalty. If you're aged 14
to 18 then there ain't no stopping
us now, make your move and
freak out at the Royalty. Wear
your *Smash Hits* badges so that I
can recognise you when I'm up
there again on June 20.

Also a big 'Hello' to everyone
who was at Ilford Town Hall the
other night. Had a great time
there too. More about that in the
next column.

Bev

Living on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline

Stop this brother killing brother
Over in our land Africa
Stop this brother shooting sister
Over in our land Africa
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline

Me no want nobody money
Me I want talk about what I see
I don't want your bribery
Me I want talk about what I see
Me no want to go America
Oh me no want to become big star
Me no want to take cocaine
All it do rot up my brain
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Oh Mama Mama you got me
Living on the frontline
Repeat to fade

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AH, THERE you are! Feeling chilly? Come in and warm yourself by Linda and Linda — they're just coming to the boil . . .

LET'S GET things cleared up here and now. The Boomtown Rats are not punks. They've never said they were. If one more person says they've deserted punks we'll make them listen to Boney M's latest single (the ultimate torture). Another thing, we think trouble at new wave gigs is overemphasised. We recently went to a Jam gig and it was brilliant. There was no trouble and everyone had a great time so all you morons that think such gigs are made for trouble can go and listen to the Bee Gees whining through their album (even worse than Boney M). Sneer, sneer.

Linda Ogilvie and Linda Strachan, Ashington, near Newcastle.
PS. To all Boney M and Bee Gees fans — YES, we've heard most of their songs and we still think they're crap. Well, we've probably made a few enemies. Perhaps we've got something in common with Red Starr.

But not too much, we hope. But on the subject of PS's . . .

BRILL MAG and all that, but let's get straight down to business.

Has nobody any imagination or originality at all? Why do people have to emulate Simon Barber who in issue No 6 wrote a number of PS's. Since then 13 people have PS'd, 5 of which have PPS'd, 2 of which have PPPS'd, and 1 of which has PPPPS'd and PPPPPS'd! Why can't they think of something else to do like writing backwards or in Chinese!

Mark Barber, Sherborne, Dorset.
PS. Smash Hits has PS'd 3 times and PPS'd twice. Come on — you should know better than that! PPS. Smash Hits is so good that it cannot be improved on except that you could have some stuff on Stiff Little Fingers, Magazine, The Only Ones, Spontaneous Combustion and The Jam. PPPS. Brill Siouxsie poster, and the Sex Pistols Past Present And Future was out of this world! PPPPS. What's originality? PPPPPS. Can I beat the PPPPPS record? PPPPPPS. YES!

Enough, enough! Now then, remember the great "Heart Of Glass" lyric mystery? Well, here we go again . . .

IN THE past I have followed the letters and arguments about Blondie's single "Heart Of Glass". In the May 17-31 issue, however, you said that only the

12 inch edition single and "Parallel Lines" LP track had the words "pain in the ass". I am writing to say that I have a 7 inch single with "pain in the ass" on it. John Campbell, Belfast, N Ireland.

We're confused. In addition to the above, Paula Matthews of Norwich and Katherine O'Connor of Handsworth, Birmingham, tell us they have album tracks with "heart of glass" instead of "pain in the ass", and Punk Fan of Darlington says he/she/it has a 5 mins 50 secs single, though without saying which lyric it has. By our reckoning, that now makes six versions of "Heart Of Glass".

Look, if you find any more versions, write them down on a postcard and throw them away. We don't want to know!

Don't look now, but the Great Mistake Brigade are hot on our trail . . .

WITH REFERENCE to David Hepworth's article in April 19 issue of Smash Hits, I would like you to realise that The Boomtown Rats are very definitely an IRISH band. Every member of the band is Irish so kindly don't palm everything off as British. Carolyn Burton, Eire.

I THINK your magazine is great. I would like to see more punk groups in the centre pages, please. And in issue No 12 on page 29 you put, "a photo of the new STC". It should be XTC. Joe Carter, Wick, Bristol.

Crossword No. 12 Winners

CASSETTE WINNER

Alan Whitham, Harlington, Doncaster.

ALBUM WINNERS

T. Luckhurst, Rochester, Kent; Susan Attwood, Romford, Essex; Tracey Newton, Surbiton, Surrey; Mandy Meek, Stoke-on-Trent; Angela Burnham, High Wycombe, Bucks; Bowah Man, Leytonstone, London; Paul Nicolson, Witham, Essex; Julie Walker, Dringhouse, York; Robert Haime, Carshalton, Surrey; Miss V. Bagley, Pontypridd, Mid Glamorgan; Johanna Dennis, Reading, Berks; Judy Reed, Clowne, Derbyshire; Karen Bradley, Leeds; Ruth Levan, Chigwell, Essex; Nicola Linton, Keadby, S. Humberside; Chris Manning, Camberley, Surrey; Mr. M. Blyth, Loughborough, Leics; J. P. Mayhew, Hemel Hempstead, Herts; Robert Gomez, Guildford, Surrey; Howard Hewitt, Nottingham; Denise Carr, Torquay, Devon; David Trotter, Aylesbury, Bucks; Warren Shan, Warrington, Cheshire; Karen Liv, Bootle, Merseyside; Cathy Birchall, Merseyside.

PUZZLE ANSWERS

X	A	X	E	S	E	E	D	I	V	A	D	P	A	U	L	S	D
S	R	U	S	E	H	W	D	B	B	I	G	Y	D	N	A	E	E
I	X	A	K	T	S	A	O	T	S	H	G	E	O	R	G	L	S
D	R	O	D	C	H	T	B	E	T	N	H	A	T	R	V	I	N
E	A	N	B	T	A	A	A	A	N	Z	T	N	E	E	I	A	A
E	G	R	S	H	B	L	T	C	H	G	O	L	I	P	S	T	T
F	E	S	I	E	C	W	B	E	F	F	F	F	W	P	P	U	P
F	E	N	K	S	A	A	B	J	X	N	R	O	U	P	S	A	A
E	O	T	I	V	B	R	E	A	E	H	B	D	E	N	A	E	H
C	M	O	E	Z	O	C	U	E	F	D	G	R	A	W	S	S	N
T	I	D	A	W	A	L	E	F	I	Z	I	L	E	M	U	L	A
C	S	X	N	H	C	E	E	V	O	R	O	T	L	H	E	M	
H	L	E	L	O	R	E	A	N	A	E	S	S	X	E	T	Y	S
I	U	B	O	O	D	H	M	U	B	P	R	M	A	G	A	Z	
P	A	K	E	S	H	A	P	T	O	R	B	A	N	G	N	A	
R	P	E	D	E	R	E	K	R	A	P	M	A	H	A	R	G	A

C	R	Y	S	E	R	G	E	L	I	M	N	H	O	J	O	S	A
B	A	S	K	C	O	G	N	A	H	E	B	R	E	H	O	R	
G	R	E	B	M	E	M	I	L	N	T	S	I	S	O	M	S	B
R	E	N	G	G	K	G	A	J	E	S	J	O	W	I	C	S	S
I	R	O	N	E	L	L	Y	N	I	T	I	A	V	I	H	U	H
D	I	J	A	N	T	W	S	R	O	S	D	T	T	F	O	F	O
R	J	E	R	E	Z	O	F	F	E	D	S	P	A	A	R	W	
O	J	V	S	Z	O	H	P	Y	L	I	B	X	Z	E	A		
N	B	E	S	N	H	G	A	M	U	L	L	Y	X	O	R	M	C
A	U	T	O	O	S	A	E	X	Z	E	M	I	T	E	R		
Z	R	S	F	R	D	O	T	O	R	Y	E	W	A	L	S	S	Y
A	N	S	A	R	D	H	S	A	T	A	R	J	O	L	V	E	S
R	E	Z	N	Y	H	I	T	S	N	J	J	A	B	J	U	L	R
E	L	Y	A	G	L	A	T	S	Y	R	C	A	B	A	R	A	V
T	O	I	N	N	O	T	P	M	A	R	F	R	E	T	E	R	
H	E	G	E	L	O	R	E	T	S	I	S	S	U	P	R	E	

WALLCHART PLACINGS

OK, gang — as promised last time, here are the rest of the chart positions for your wallcharts. Ready? Week ending April 14: No 1 — Bright Eyes/Art Garfunkel, (2) Cool For Cats/Squeeze, (3) Some Girls/Racey; W/E April 21: (1) Bright Eyes, (2) Some Girls, (3) Cool For Cats; W/E April 28: (1) Bright Eyes, (2) Some Girls, (3) Cool For Cats; W/E May 5: (1) Bright Eyes, (2) Some Girls, (3) Pop Muzik/M; W/E May 12: (1) Bright Eyes, (2) Pop Muzik, (3) Hooray Hooray, It's A Holi-Holiday/Boney M; W/E May 19: (1) Bright Eyes, (2) Pop Muzik, (3) Hooray Hooray, It's A Holi-Holiday; W/E May 26: (1) Sunday Girl/Blondie, (2) Dance Away/Roxy Music, (3) Pop Muzik; W/E June 2: (1) Sunday Girl, (2) Dance Away, (3) Pop Muzik. From now on, you're on yer own . . .

SmASH HITS

41 Broadway,
Peterborough,
PE1 1RY

Like our new heading? Thanks. Devoted Punk of Bognor Regis
— send us your full address!

HEY, YOU lot, how about printing a centrespread of The Sex Pistols or a back page poster of Sid, who's gone to the safety pin in he sky, just as a last tribute?

Devoted Punk, Bognor Regis, Sussex.

PS. On page 31 of issue 12 (The Damned) you've put "Words and music by Scabies/Sensible/VANICAN/Ward".

Oh yeah — should be Val Doonican, shouldn't it?

ITEM 1: Thanks for printing my previous letter in issue 12.

Item 2: Congratulations on printing it incorrectly. Where it reads "some punk groups who display a *maximum* of musical quality" it should read "*minimum*". Oh well, never mind.

Still a super mag.
Paul Smith, Southport, Merseyside.

PS. Has Ian Cranna been executed yet?

But sometimes we can get our own back . . .

THANK YOU for your great journal. But please can you print a double page pin up of The Members and more info, 'cos the only thing about them was Red Starr's comments on their LP.

While on the subject of Red Starr, please could you hang, draw and quarter his body and then feed him to the seagulls.

Thank you in advance,
Beverly Durrant, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex.

What was that on pages 6 and 7 of issue 9 then? Scotch Mist? Looks like it's the seagulls for you, Beverly!

Now let's see if the great punks vs. teds battle is still raging. Ah yes, thar she blows now . . .

PLEASE PLEASE please put more ROCK 'N' ROLL in your mag. I hate punk and I'm sure there are many more people who would agree with me. I'm a 100% Elvis fan and love all rock 'n' roll, so please bring back the '50s!
The Belfast Teddy Boys and Girls.

I WOULD just like to ask you how any Ted girl or boy has enough mental ability to pick up a copy of your great mag? These people who are lacking in brain matter are the most moronic I have ever

heard of. Rock 'n' roll is dog excreta. Punk rules, OK?
Phil Yourheadin (David Handley), Bilborough, Nottingham.
PS. Teds are brainless (like MPs) so don't publish their mail.

Mind you, not everybody wants punk or rock 'n' roll . . .

I THINK Smash Hits is smart but lay off the punk. Punk is OK for a laugh but not to be taken seriously. It's about time we had some interviews with some of the decent bands around like Queen and ELO, who are beyond doubt the most remarkable band in the world. I often wonder why music

mags forget about such groups. Think about it — we don't all walk about with green hair, safety pins, and beating up old grannies down the High Street.
The Phantom Music Loving Airman, RAF Hereford.

MANY THANKS for bringing out a fab magazine, but a few complaints. Where are features about Chic, Commodores, Earth Wind & Fire, and Barry Manilow? I know one or two mentioned may have been featured in earlier issues but I missed the first two. Another complaint — too much rock 'n' roll and punk which are just too noisy to listen to. (A couple of punk bands are good, OK.)
Mark Chipchase, Newton Hall, Durham.

But what would any letters page be without your missiles to the gruesome twosome?



PIC: LFI

IN ISSUE 12 of Smash Hits a girl called Tracey Gardener complained about the picture of a fawn with an arrow through its neck. I am also 11 but I think there should be more blood and violence in Smash Hits. You

should show things like Red Starr's insides exploding or Johnny Rotten smiling.
Robin Smith, Pembroke Dock, Dyfed.

This gruesome enough for you?

FAN CLUBS

BILLY JOEL: Home Run, 15 East 60th Street, New York City 10022.

RAMONES: PO Box 269, Old Chelsea Station, New York 10011.

GRAHAM PARKER: c/o Stiff Records, 28 Alexander Street, London W2.

DONNA SUMMER: c/o Pye Records, ATV House, 17 Great Cumberland Place, London W1

I AM writing to you about your two pet amphibians, Red Starr and Cliff White. Lizard (Cliff White) dares to criticise the new Boney M single as, I quote, "Singalongaboney"! If Lizard can't recognise good music when he hears it, why have him as a singles reviewer?

Secondly, on the subject of Toad, well, he is most certainly from a mental home. How can anyone criticise The Stranglers?
Philip A., Bayswater, London.

HI! FAB MAG! One complaint though. Does that drip Red Starr like making enemies? In your issue dated May 3-16 I was reading through and I came to Red Starr's column. I started reading and I was pleased to see what I thought was an apology by him about his comments on the Bee Gees album. But what did I read? Yet more insults when Red Starr again referred to them as "the dreaded drips"!!

Who the hell does he think he is? He's got a damn cheek to knock groups and singers. I'd like to see him trying to sing. He's made more enemies in a few weeks than J. R. of Dallas made in months!! Why does Red Starr bother to write about groups if he can't stand them? I think he's a pain in the ass. Thanks for the mag anyway,
Helen George, Rhondda, South Wales.

WHO the hell does Cliff White think he is? How dare he write such rubbish about The Undertones' new single? Is he so deaf that he can't hear that it's great, ace, brilliant!?!?

If it hadn't been for the fact that he gave David Bowie's single a good review, I would have come and rammed my copy of Smash Hits down his throat. That would make him eat his words!!
Mandy Southwick, Wells, Somerset.
PS. Great mag!

And finally . . .

IT IS a remarkable magazine you have produced but I am preferring to stick to my Latin books.
Snotty Swotty, Trefnant, Denbigh, Clwyd.

Compiled by
Bev Miller

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Friday (June 15)

Dire Straits Manchester Apollo
Police Sheffield Top Rank
Lurkers Birmingham Barbarellas
Rockpile Leeds University
Real Thing Brighton Top Rank
John Cooper Clarke Liverpool Eric's
Damned Hanley Victoria Hall

Saturday (June 16)

Dire Straits Bristol Colston Hall
Manfred Mann Birmingham Odeon
Skids Glasgow Apollo
Police Aylesbury Friars
Lurkers Leeds Ffordé Green
Rockpile Oxford Polytechnic
Real Thing Dunstable Queensway Hall
John Cooper Clarke Birmingham Barbarellas
The Damned Leicester University

Sunday (June 17)

Dire Straits London Hammersmith Odeon
Manfred Mann Croydon Fairfield Hall
Skids Dunfermline Kinema Ballroom
Rockpile Poole Arts Centre
Real Thing Liverpool Empire
John Cooper Clarke London Holborn Royalty
Police London Lyceum
Damned Bristol Locarno

Monday (June 18)

Dire Straits Brighton Dome
Hi Tension Peterborough Werrina Stadium
Rockpile Portsmouth Guildhall
Real Thing Manchester Free Trade Hall
John Cooper Clarke Nottingham Tiffany's

Tuesday (June 19)

Manfred Mann Edinburgh Usher Hall
Hi Tension Southend Tops
Rockpile Swansea Top Rank
Real Thing London Hammersmith Odeon

Wednesday (June 20)

Status Quo Southampton Gaumont
Dire Straits London Hammersmith Odeon
Manfred Mann Newcastle City Hall
Lurkers Plymouth Tots
Real Thing Birmingham Odeon

Thursday (June 21)

Status Quo Southampton Gaumont
Dire Straits London Hammersmith Odeon
Manfred Mann Sheffield City Hall
Hi Tension Norwich Cromwell Hall
Rockpile Hemel Hempstead Pavilion
John Cooper Clarke Sheffield Limit Club
Peter Tosh London Rainbow

Friday (June 22)

Manfred Mann Manchester Apollo
Rockpile Egham Royal Holloway College
Sylvester Swindon Brunel Rooms
Real Thing Newcastle Mayfair
Peter Tosh London Rainbow

Saturday (June 23)

Lurkers Blackburn Whitton Park
Rockpile Malvern Winter Gardens
Sylvester London Hammersmith Odeon
John Cooper Clarke Cheltenham
Whitcombe Lodge

Sunday (June 24)

Lurkers London Lyceum
Rockpile Bristol Locarno
Ian Dury/Blockheads Newcastle City Hall
Sylvester Blackpool Tiffany's
Real Thing Isle Of Man Palace Lido

Monday (June 25)

Ian Dury/Blockheads Newcastle City Hall
Sylvester Newcastle Maddisons
Status Quo Hammersmith Odeon
John Cooper Clarke Manchester
Free Trade Hall

Tuesday (June 26)

Rockpile London Hammersmith Palais
Sylvester Middlesbrough Maddisons
Real Thing Sheffield City Hall
Status Quo Hammersmith Odeon

Wednesday (June 27)

Rockpile Sheffield Top Rank

John Cooper Clarke swots up on the best route to Sheffield. See listings.



Ian Dury/Blockheads Leeds University
Sylvester Edinburgh Usher Hall
Real Thing Cardiff Top Rank
Status Quo Hammersmith Odeon

Thursday (June 28)
Rockpile Newcastle City Hall
Ian Dury/Blockheads Leeds University
Van Halen London Rainbow

While we make every effort to make our listings accurate, gigs are often subject to last minute change. We suggest you check locally with the venue before setting out.

WALLET OFFER Bonus Coupon

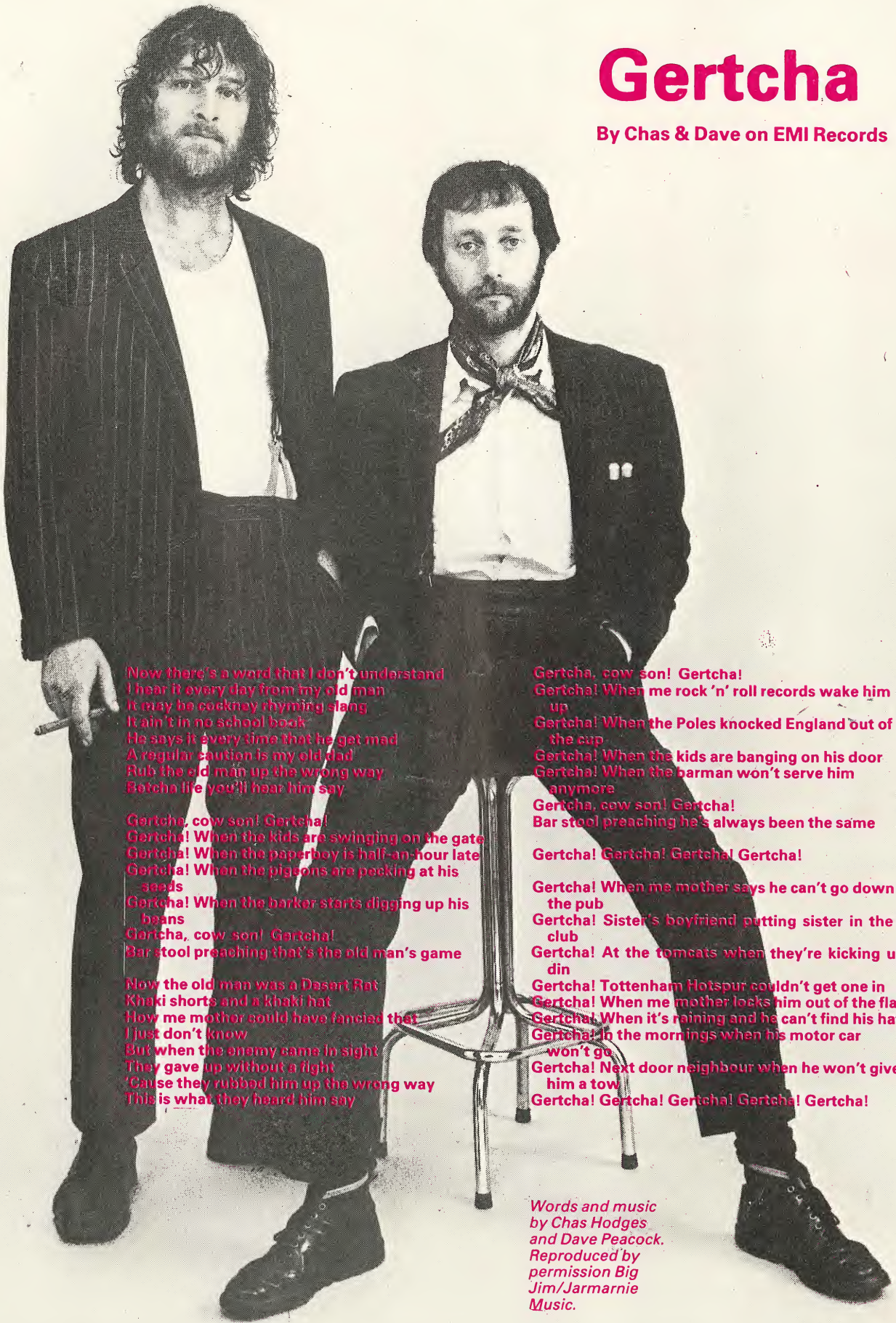
Send
three
of these
plus £1

Here's your bonus coupon towards the Smash Hits pop wallet, the fourth one we've printed. Send any THREE coupons plus £1.00 to Smash Hits (Wallet Offer), 117 Park Road, Peterborough PE1 2TS and we'll rush you an absolutely ace Smash Hits wallet by return. Don't forget to enclose your name and address, and make cheques/postal orders out to Smash Hits.

SMASH
HITS
POP WALLET
1
TOKEN

Gertcha

By Chas & Dave on EMI Records



Now there's a word that I don't understand
I hear it every day from my old man
It may be cockney rhyming slang
It ain't in no school book
He says it every time that he get mad
A regular caution is my old dad
Rub the eid man up the wrong way
Betcha life you'll haaz him say

Gertcha, cow son! Gertcha!
Gertcha! When the kids are swinging on the gate
Gertcha! When the paperboy is half-an-hour late
Gertcha! When the pigeons are pecking at his
seeds
Gertcha! When the barker starts digging up his
beans
Gertcha, cow son! Gertcha!
Bar stool preaching that's the old man's game

Now the old man was a Desert Rat
Khaki shorts and a khaki hat
How me mother could have fancied that
I just don't know
But when the enemy came in sight
They gave up without a fight
'Cause they rubbed him up the wrong way
This is what they heard him say

Gertcha, cow son! Gertcha!
Gertcha! When me rock 'n' roll records wake him
up
Gertcha! When the Poles knocked England out of
the cup
Gertcha! When the kids are banging on his door
Gertcha! When the barman won't serve him
anymore

Gertcha, cow son! Gertcha!
Bar stool preaching he's always been the same

Gertcha! Gertcha! Gertcha! Gertcha!

Gertcha! When me mother says he can't go down
the pub
Gertcha! Sister's boyfriend putting sister in the
club
Gertcha! At the tomcats when they're kicking up a
din
Gertcha! Tottenham Hotspur couldn't get one in
Gertcha! When me mother locks him out of the flat
Gertcha! When it's raining and he can't find his hat
Gertcha! In the mornings when his motor car
won't go
Gertcha! Next door neighbour when he won't give
him a tow
Gertcha! Gertcha! Gertcha! Gertcha! Gertcha!

Words and music
by Chas Hodges
and Dave Peacock.
Reproduced by
permission Big
Jim/Jarmarnie
Music.

SMASH HITS

CHEAP TRICK

